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A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusement, &c.

VOLUME XIX.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, MAY 14, 1862

NUMBER 10.

Poetry.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY JAMES A. STEPHENS.

At the Rover's Grave.

They bore him away in an hour of gloom,
When the night-dews fell on his shroud of gloom,
And they laid him down in a shroudless tomb,
By the light of a cold, white sky.
With sorrowing hearts they gaze on his grave,
Three valleys they are above him,
As a funeral dirge for the young and brave,
From his warrior friends who love him.

Down deep in the valley the soldier boy
Lies, far away from his childhood's home;
Where the lonely forest now over him weeps,
And the voice of kindred never comes.

No sister's tear-drop moistens his grave,
No loved one's sigh is near;
But the hero died his country to save,
Knowing that country's best dear.

He was for the youth who dies far away,
Where strong, rough hands lay him low;
Who is crushed by the storm of the battle's
Army.

Or the traitor's midnight blow,
Then taken to the grave where the young hero
Lies, who fought for the flag of the Free;
Every patriot weeps for the soldier that dies
In guarding our Liberty Tree.

Army Correspondence.

HEADQUARTERS, 10th REG'T, N.Y. ARTY.,
Camp near New Market, Virginia.
Tuesday, April 23rd, 1862.

Dear Sir: Since my last, in camp near
Strasburg, nothing of very great importance
has transpired.

On the 1st of April, the whole army made
a forward movement, with the intention of
giving battle to the rebel army.

On the 2nd of April, the 10th Reg't, N.Y. Art'y.,
under the command of Col. J. M. Smith, was
sent forward to occupy a position on a hill
about 12 miles from Strasburg, and was
promptly returned by our artillery,
causing them to retire. They did not
except for the purpose of the 10th Reg't.

In the evening, between 4 and 5 o'clock,
a dense smoke was observed in advance,
which proved to be the bridge across Stony
creek, which the rebels had fired in their
retreat.

Here we were compelled to engage until
the bridge was destroyed.

On the 10th of April, the 10th Reg't, N.Y. Art'y.,
under the command of Col. J. M. Smith, was
sent forward to occupy a position on a hill
about 12 miles from Strasburg, and was
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this place and the 10th Reg't, N.Y. Art'y.,
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War, Wit and Humor.

'CUMULATIN' A BEEHIVE.

BY CAPT. JERE WILLIAMS.

"Boys, I know where there is a Scotch
beehive," said Jack Phillips, one dull
morning, while we were quartered on
Cheat Mountain Summit.

"Where is it?" asked one of his two
hearsers.

"If you'll promise to go along and
help 'cumulate it, I'll tell you."

"Count me one," said Jed Wicks.

"Count me half a dozen, if you want
that many," said Bill Reese.

"But I'll tell you, boys, it's down at
Robinson's, on Cheat river, and worse
than that, it's in the kitchen loft; and
all worse, he has two all-fired big cross
bloodhounds."

"Come to think," said Jed Wicks, "I
haven't time to go."

"I never agreed to go," said Bill Reese.

"Look-a-here fellers, I tell you we can
'cumulate that ere beehive, and if you
fellows are afeared to go, I can find somebody
that ain't."

This left-hand at their courage set
them to warding off with other excuses.

"I'm not afeared to go," said Jed.

"But maybe Robinson's a Union man, and
it wouldn't do you know."

"Not by dern'd sight, he ain't. He's
one of these cured neutral Scotch that
ten times was than an out-and-outer. He
carries news to Greenbrier camp, and I'll
prove it on him afore a week."

"But then," interposed Bill, "we can't
get past the camp guards; and if we
could, it looks a little too much like stealin'."

"Gittin' a past the guards ain't comin'
amusement," said Jack; "just say
you'll go, and the honey is ours. And
as to the moral pint, we'll go 'ording to
law and custom, you know. First, de-
mandin' of the Scotch bees to take the
oath, they refuse; we arrest them, and
confiscate their property. All fair and
legal, you see. What's stealin' in times
of peace, is confiscation and 'cumulation'
in time of war. For stealin' you go to jail,
but for 'cumulation' you get promoted. So
you see, in a moral pint of view, it's in-
tensely different."

Their qualms of conscience being thus
satisfactorily disposed of, and Jack havin'
secured their hides against the hounds,
they agreed to go if he would get a pass
to take them through the guard-lines.

"Come right along, then," said Jack,
and they followed him to a remote bend
where was waiting, to and fro, a German
sentinel, who could not read English.

After the usual challenge, Jack advanced,
and drawing from the folds of his pocket
book a crumpled paper, read as follows:

CAMP CHEAT MOUNTAIN SUMMIT, VA.,
October 18, 1861.

The guard will pass the bearer,
and two comrades, on very important
business.

The German understood none of this,
except the name and title of the General,
and Jack, to prevent him from calling a
corporal of the guard, looked very impor-
tant, and made him understand that the
General wished the expedition kept a
profound secret. The sentinel deferentially
stepped aside, and they passed on.

"How in the dickens did you get that
pass, Jack?" inquired Bill.

"Pass be hanged! It was nothing but
a little note Robinson sent up to the Gen-
eral, 'other day by me, about the boys a
stealin' from him. Yes, I give it to him
much'."

"But what does the note say?" eagerly
inquired Bill.

"Why, it says as how if the ginal
Jows any of the soldiers come stealin'
about him, his dogs shouldn't leave, bar
nor hide of 'em. He done it to skeer me,
as he noticed me a eyein' of his beehive.
I took the hint and the note, and told him
like as not some of the boys would be
down this very day, and maybe steal his
beehive or somethin'." Says he, "do you
see them?" points to his dogs. Says I,
"I believe I see 'em." Says he, "one of
them will tear the hind legs off a man the
first jerk of I tell 'em to." Says I, "keep
a sharp look out," and mentioned to him
specially to keep his eyes peeled to day."

Bill and Jed stopped.

"Jack," said Bill, "my opinion is you're
tryin' to git into an infernal scrape."

"Nary time, fellers; nary time. I jist
want the Scotch bee's to understand
that Jack Phillips could 'cumulate that
beehive, if him and his dogs was a straddle
of it. I tell you, 'pon honor, that I have
the ropes all right, and that beehive is as
good as gone without any scratch." I'll
manage Robinson and the dogs myself;
they shan't as much as look towards you."

After some further assurance, they
proceeded, and when they approached the
house, they crept quietly through the laurel
to take a reconnaissance. There sat
Robinson in the very door through which
they would have to pass in order to reach
the beehive, and by the doorstep lay two
ferocious dogs. Appearances, certainly,
were not very promising, but Jack
very quietly remarked, "all right, old fel-
lows, let's go."

"Now, Bill," said he, "you and Jed re-
main here, silent, and still, until you hear
me holler, and then double quick in, wrap
a blanket around the beehive, and bring
it to the laurel up the pint. You needn't
be afeared of Robinson and the dogs,
they'll be 'tended to." Saying which Jack
started toward the river.

About two hundred yards from the
house was a foot-way across the river,
that part farthest from the house being a
single plank. The water was three or
four feet deep, swift and cold, and the
banks quite bluff.

In about half an hour from the time
Jack left his friends, Robinson was start-
led by hearing a squawking in the direc-
tion of the bridge, and, looking up, saw
Jack crossing the river with a chicken un-
der his arm.

"Hold on there, you infernal scoundrel!"
he shouted, "or I'll set the dogs on you.
Here, Tighe, here, Mags," and he and the
dogs started on a run.

"Taint none of your chicken," shouted
Jack, feigning fright; "I bought it down
at the widder's."

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From Vanity Fair.
CABINET CONVERSATION
PIECES.
No. 5.

SCENE.—The Bureau of the War De-
partment. The President discovered,
seated astride upon a brass 94 pound gun,
with his face to the breech. The Sec-
RETARY OF WAR is amusing himself by
arranging shells, (Jame's 500 lb. conical,
and other varieties) in a fancy pattern
upon an ornate table. A buhl cage,
occupied by a grey PARROT, stands upon
a scrolled shelf between the windows.
Soft music from a remote barrel-organ
arrives punctually upon the fiscal breeze.

PRESIDENT.—"Tis an interesting
study, Edwin, though my own experience
of it has been drawn from oysters rather
than from hoisters. Excuse my little
plank; all work is a bad doctor, you know."

SEC. OF WAR.—No apology, sir—none
is needed. The ever-pointed pen, like the
ever-pointed pen, may be made a ve-
hicle for intense thought. Remember
what the great Napoleon said: says he—
"I care not who makes a nation's laws,
provided that to me is accorded the privi-
lege of making its pins."

PRESIDENT.—As Secretary of War of
this great Republic, Mr. Stanton, it would
have been smarter, as well as more be-
coming of you to have paraphrased the
saying of the renowned Corporal thus—
"I care not who breaks Rebellion's nose,
provided I get a chance of spiking its
guns: not a cuss!"

PARROT.—Not a cuss!

SEC. OF WAR.—Dry up, naughty Poll!
Pray excuse the bird, sir; like others for-
eigners, he picks up the bad words first.

PRESIDENT.—You are very polite, sir,
but the word was mine; and if ever you
noticed it, sir, there is a smack of West-
ern vigor in it that you wouldn't get if
you spelt it with an r. I have reason to
be dissatisfied with you, of late, Mr.
Stanton.

SEC. OF WAR.—What's up now? Any-
thing broke?

PRESIDENT.—If one of the three in-
dividuals present was broke, sir, I guess
the nation might be a gainer by the trans-
action. I do not, hereby, refer to my-
self; neither have my words the remotest
application to honest Poll in his cage,
yonder."

SEC. OF WAR.—Oo it's the Secretary
of the Navy you mean? I fully agree
with you, sir; I have long looked upon
Mr. Welles as the megatherium incubus
of the Public Departments, and the bu-
reau over which he potters as the pandeo-
nium of an—

PARROT.—Old fool! old fogey! old
muff!—Pretty Poll! good bird! all hands
to the pump!—que-e-e-ech!

PRESIDENT.—Quaint bird!—Who so
bold as to draw the line between instinct
and reason, when a parrot can express
himself thus? But I could not have re-
ferred to the Secretary of the Navy, sir;
as I said one of the three individuals pre-
sent, my censure is on the full simmer for
you.

SEC. OF WAR.—Pennsylvania is my
dwelling place, H—

PRESIDENT.—If you were about to add,
"Heaven is my expectation," sir, you are
doomed to disappointment, for I am going
to give you, Mr. Stanton, and we cannot
afford to ignore the uphollings of a
mighty people.

SEC. OF WAR.—Who cares for the
ravings of the multitude? I wouldn't
step off the side-walk for all the yells of
the vox populi.

PARROT.—Pop you lie! Pop you lie!
Giddy Welles is a sailmaker boy only ninety
years old!—que-e-ech.

PRESIDENT.—Supposing that I had
never seen your parrot, Mr. Stanton, I
think I could tell by his voice that he is
not a green one. His grey plumage be-
comes his wisdom well. But as I was
saying sir, I have reason to be dissatis-
fied with you; your ideas upon general
subjects, or to be more explicit, on the
subject of Generals, appear to be based
upon chaos, and a very poor kind of
chaos at that.

SEC. OF WAR.—And yet order is my
strong point. See my orders generally.
Observe my arrangements of these shells.

PRESIDENT.—You may be strong upon
small details, sir; perhaps you are, and
so is my gingerbread-colored valley. But
as for generalizing, I could generalize the
shirt off your back any day, and Bill
Seward says so, too.

SEC. OF WAR.—Don't I generalize,
though! Didn't I set up General Grant on
a pedestal as high as the old gas-chimney
of Babel, when I told Greeley that he
"conquered by the spirit of the Lord?"
Maybe I didn't make a golden calf of him
then!

PRESIDENT.—Maybe you didn't make
a wooden one of Ed. Stanton. You can't
come it over this two yards and an
eight of Western stuff with your golden
calf—no sir! Nor do I see on what
grounds you should have qualified your
statement that Grant "conquered by the
spirit of the Lord" by adding "and by
moving immediately upon the enemy's
works!"

PARROT.—Enemies works! Reim hard
a part, there's a squall coming!—que-e-
e-ech!

SEC. OF WAR.—Well, the War Bureau
is a hard road to travel! It took Cameron

to Russia, and I suppose I shall have to
seek retirement now in some moral Sibe-
ria.

PARROT.—Liberal! Liberal! There's a
nigger in the wood-pile, que-e-ech!

PRESIDENT.—Good Poll! The par-
rot is right, sir, Liberia would be just the
place for you—we shall want a minister
to that country presently, I guess.

SEC. OF WAR.—Reserve that fragrant
position for Mr. Greeley, the glossy
Ethiopian hath no charms for me.

PRESIDENT.—The implication contained
in the word "fragrant" comes with a bad
grace from you Mr. Stanton. You are
in anything but good odor with the peo-
ple just now, yourself.

SEC. OF WAR.—There is but one Abe
Lincoln, and George McClellan is his—

PARROT.—Trump card! Trump card!
who made a false deal—que-e-ech!

PRESIDENT.—What'll you take for that
bird, Stanton? I think we might do worse
than put him at the head of the War de-
partment.

SEC. OF WAR.—I'll wring his neck!
what does he mean by a false deal? Mr.
President, if you have any fault to find
with me, I must insist upon having a
specific charge—

(Here one of the 500 lb. shells, which
happens to contain a specific charge, ex-
plodes, and interrupts the conversation.)

The Latter-Day Saints.

We feel gratified at the passage by the
House of Representatives of the bill to
prohibit, prevent and punish polygamy in
the Territory of Utah—making the fact
of having more wives than one in that
region an act contrary to the Constitu-
tion. That the bill will pass the Senate
and receive the signature of the Presi-
dent, we do not entertain a doubt; and
then it will follow that our friends and
fellow citizens the Latter-day Saints,
must either turn loose their supernatu-
ral spouses, or prepare to feel the ven-
geance of a highly moral and justly out-
raged people. That a body of men re-
siding not more than two or three thou-
sand miles from us—and with whom we
have hourly connection by magnetic tele-
graph—should be permitted to practice
such horrible crimes, and set so evil an
example, is most "intolerable and not to
be endured;" and we sincerely hope that
the President—than whom none can be
more thoroughly convinced that one man
is enough for one man—will declare
war immediately, call on the ministers of
the Gospel to blow the gathering trumpet,
and send on a highly rectified army,
made up of such troops as the Rev. Col.
Moody enlisted, and for the sake of their
eternal welfare, turn the surplus wives of
Utah into grass widows as rapidly as
possible.

The President will doubtless, in